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RICHMOND, VA.

Weariness.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

O, little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O, little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book or pen
Have toiled among my fellowmen,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned
With passion into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls, so pure and white,
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven, their source divine.
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

✻ "To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.---Isaiah liii: 20. ✻